

The Man With the Hoe.
Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages on his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down his brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back his brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?
Is this the thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of eternity?
Is this the dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And pillared the blue firmament with light?
Down all the stretch of hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tormented with the curse of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More fraught with menace to the universe.
What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Love of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
Cries protest to the judges of the world,
A protest that is also prophecy.
O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handwork you gave to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape?
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Touch it again with immortality;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, irremediable woes?
O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the future reckon with this man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb terror shall reply to God
After the silence of the centuries?
—EDWIN MARKHAM.

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CROKER SAYS HE WAS WRONG.
Declares We Have No Right to Conquer the Philippines—Thinks Bryan a Great Man.
NEW YORK, August 13.—The Herald-to-morrow will say: Richard Croker, at the Democratic Club last night, said: "I was wrong in the statement I made before I went away concerning the Philippine Islands. I based my belief that we should not give up a foot of soil our soldiers have won on information that was not complete. I would not give two cents for a man who, when he found that he had been wrong, would not at the very first chance set himself right. Such a man would not be fit for either politics or private life."
"Publicly I made the statement that I did not believe we should give up the Philippines, which had cost us so many lives. I am not ashamed now to say to the public that I was wrong."
"I am not playing a political game through that interview. No man was responsible for my change of mind. While I was in Europe I talked with some of the best informed men there or anywhere else on the subject of colonial conquest. I made investigation for myself. I reached the conclusion that we have no right at all to keep the Philippines. We were wrong in the first place to pay \$20,000,000 for them."
"On a question like this there should be no dividing line between Democrats and Republicans. Humanity, not politics, is involved, and I am convinced that humanity as represented by the votes of American citizens at the next Presidential election will record its horror and excommunication of the men and the party who are for private gain, putting bloody pages into history. Believing those things now, I go straight to the public and frankly say I was wrong."
"I said I believed W. J. Bryan was one of the greatest men America has produced. I believe that very thing now. But that does not mean that I shall work for the nomination of Mr. Bryan or that I think he is the only man fitted for the nomination. He is as good a man and leader as could be found. But I have no candidate."
SAYS SHE SAW HEAVEN.
Woman Declared Dead Suddenly Comes to Life.
WHEELING, W. VA., August 10.—Mrs. Alexander Taylor, a widow 35 years old, of Toronto, near here, has been slowly dying of consumption for a week. Yesterday morning she became unconscious. A doctor was called and pronounced her dead, and funeral preparations were begun. About midnight her friends were astounded to see Mrs. Taylor move, open her eyes and ask for water.
She asked, it is said, that a favorite niece, who lives in Iowa, be summoned at once to receive a message from her mother, who has been dead several years. Mrs. Taylor says her spirit was disembodyed and soared through space till a brilliant and beautiful glow was reached. Here angels were flying about, guarding what seemed the entrance to Heaven. She was refused admittance, but was allowed to converse at a short distance with her husband, who died last winter, and with her sister, the mother of the favorite niece.
The message sent for the niece she refused to disclose, except to the young woman. Mrs. Taylor says she was promised that she should come to Paradise very soon. Mrs. Taylor is an educated, sincere, Christian woman and is in ecstasy over the belief that she will soon join her friends gone before.
The niece has been telegraphed for. Mrs. Taylor cannot live more than a few days.
Close at Hand.
The day is long and the day is hard. We are tired of the march and of keeping guard.
Tired of the sense of a fight to be won.
Of days to live through, and of work to be done.
Tired of ourselves and of being alone.
And all the while, did we only see, We walk in the Lord's own company; We fight, 'tis He who nerves our arm.
He turns the arrows which else might harm us.
And out of the storm He brings a calm.
The work which we count so hard to do, He makes it easy, for He works, too; The days that are long to live are His.
A bit of His brighter eternities, And close to our need His helping is.
Oh, eyes that were holden and blind-ed quite,
Oh, deafened to glimpse of the guiding light!
Oh, deaf, deaf ears, which did not hear!
The heavenly garment trailing near!
Oh, faithless heart, which dared to fear!
—SUSAN COOLIDGE.

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THE PASSING OF KING COTTON.
South Carolina Will Have 20,000,000 Pounds of Tobacco This Year.
COLUMBIA, S. C., August 10.—The South Carolina farmer is slow to give up his allegiance to King Cotton, but the returns in late years have shaken his faith, and a change is steadily being made. There has been nothing revolutionary in the supplanting of cotton in half a dozen counties in the rich Pee Dee section by tobacco. The first experiments were made by one or two men in Badin county, thirty-five or six years ago. They were successful. The farmers in each county have experimented, and only when certain of success have they gone into tobacco as their money crop. This year is planted extensively in six large counties, while in others experimental farms were cultivated. There are thousands of tobacco barns dotting the country, while in eight or ten towns large warehouses have been built. At these warehouses sales have been in progress for weeks, but the big "breaks" took place this week, when several million pounds of the weed was sold to buyers from all over the country.
Since the industry was begun in this State each year's product has more than doubled the last and the grade of leaf has improved. This season from 15,000 to 20,000,000 pounds of tobacco will be raised in this State. The prices so far have ruled from 4 cents to 26 cents, and the tobacco planter is the happiest farmer in the State.
The impetus to wheat growing has been more sudden and marked than that of tobacco. Last fall a large acreage was planted in wheat, and while the crop failed, the yield of wheat was excellent. The former difficulty of getting wheat to the mills has been overcome by the building of a new twenty-mile rail line, which they have turned machinery, and have been grinding all full time. Because of a prejudice against the flour shipped into the State, occasioned by reports of its adulteration, the home-made article sells 20 cents a barrel above the market price, and there is demand for all the output.
To further stimulate wheat growing a State convention of wheatgrowers will meet in Greenwood August 15 and 16. Senator Tillman will be one of the speakers. He has experimented a farm that produced fifteen bushels of wheat to the acre four years ago was made to yield sixty bushels this year. No fertilizers were used, but after the wheat was harvested each year cow peas were sown and the straw plowed in. Believing that this fall the wheat acreage of last year will be doubled.—Philadelphia Times.

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SHORT NEWS STORIES.
Picture of the Kaiser Missed—Story About Senator Clark—Just the Man for the Place.
Professor von Kaulbach of Munich was recently summoned to Berlin to paint a portrait of the kaiser. This is a somewhat difficult task, for, unlike the kaiser, who is not at all over the top, the kaiser is a model, the kaiser has a rooted dislike to sitting for the painter. He is asked to take and is given a chair in the vicinity of the kaiser. There he is expected to take studies from memory and not even to let it appear that he is taking observations. Before he enters the Imperial presence he is warned by one of the gentlemen of the court not to repeat any conversation he may hear in the Imperial presence, says the Paris Herald.
One of the ladies of the court is told off to give the details of the toilet in which the kaiser wishes to be painted, and the following day the toilet finds its way to his atelier and is returned when he has finished the picture. The emperor is expected to be painted by a number of different artists, but as this court goes the artist is not handsomely remunerated, it being thought, perhaps not without reason, that the advertisement given is sufficient and that, therefore, the pay may be honorary. The price is only about \$100.
The advertisement side of the matter is very much appreciated by the artists, and thus there is no difficulty in obtaining their services in spite of the reduction in price, but yet there are exceptions, because those who have a good clientele are accustomed to ask and obtain \$1,000 or more for a portrait.
A case in point was one of a well known artist, who had painted a portrait of the kaiser for an exhibition and invited his majesty to see it. The kaiser was so pleased with it that he immediately called out, "I buy that picture!" The artist was staggered and explained that he had painted it for exhibition. But the kaiser would not hear him, and as he reached the door turned round and said, "That picture is mine!"
But scarcely had the Imperial presence vanished than the artist, with all possible rapidity, packed up the picture and sent it away. He well knew what haste was needed, for an hour later a lackey of the court appeared to claim it, but he had to leave with empty hands.
For this the kaiser did not forgive the painter for a long while after. For two years, although he had been his majesty's favorite artist, he received no further order.
Story About Senator Clark.
In the fierce rivalry for the United States senatorship in Montana between the Clark and Marcus Daly factions many amusing stories, true and false, are being told by heated partisans. The point in most cases consisted of the contrast afforded by the early careers of the two men, says the Philadelphia Post. Marcus Daly rose from a poor miner to be one of the copper kings of the west, while Clark began his western career as a college bred man. The speeches and letters of the latter were models of good English, but on one occasion his fastidiousness in expression worked unexpected results. He had laid out a handsome lawn in front of his house, and to prevent the townspeople from walking on the grass he built a board walk over it and put up the following sign, "Take the boardwalk."
This sight instantly caught the public eye, and the next morning the sign and board walk had both vanished and in place of the former was a rudely lettered placard bearing this inscription: "We have."

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STAGE GLINTS.
Alfred Klein, the comedian, may star next season in a three act farce called "My Lord the Butler."
One hundred and eighty-one new operas were presented in Europe during the past dramatic year.
Edith Yerrington has been engaged to play the title role next season in "Jack and the Beanstalk."
Charles Wyndham, the well known English actor, is reviving "Romeo and the Critter" theater, London.
Charles Frohman has bought "The Tyranny of Tears" and will put John Drew into the role which Charles Wyndham is playing in London.
Louis N. Parker is to revive Stuart Ogilvie's version of "Cyrano de Bergerac" for Charles Wyndham, to whom Sir Henry Irving has transferred the English rights.
Lilli Lehmann has been added to the long list of prime donne appearing this season at Covent Garden in London. She made her entrance on June 1 as Leonora in "Fidelio."
Mrs. Sembrich is to return to this country in advance of the other members of the Grau company in order to sing at the Maine festival. She will remain in the United States next year until June.
American comic opera prima donnas are not the only ones who go to the music halls in the intervals between engagements.
Lilly Lind is to sing at the Albert Hall, in London, and Ika Palmer, the Hungarian, is at the Winter Garden in Berlin. She is at the head of her profession in Vienna.
Close resemblances have already been found between Sardou's "Robespierre" and "Thermidor," which has not yet been given in England. So nearly alike are the two plays that the author is said to have used freely parts of the earlier work, which will probably never be given in England.
THE TROTTERING CIRCUIT.
Scott Quinton has deserted the sulky horses for thoroughbreds.
Crescent is reported to be in fine condition and has gone an easy mile better than 2:18.
Harry Omer is credited with pacing a mile in 2:09 1/2 over the Cleveland track this season.
Chain Shot, a M. and M. candidate, by Great Heart, is credited with a mile at Detroit in 2:13 1/2.
Granite, b. g., who nosed out Success in 2:14 1/2 at Denver, is by Deputy, dam by Guy Wilkes.
Que Allen, 2:09 1/2, has injured one of his feet badly and is probably out of the game in Europe this season.
The foal of Benazeta, 2:09 1/2, by Deputy Wilkes, has a very crooked hind leg, and there are small hopes of raising it.
Dot, 2:25 1/2, the new seed 2:30 trotter of the season, is first said to be by Alcide, son of Princeps, dam Althea, by Almont.
James Cassidy of California, who owns and drives Raymond M., 2:08 1/2, has but one leg and one arm, but he gets there all the same.
A 3-year-old by Arion, dam Hour, 2:17, has been named San Telmo and is a natural pacer. Within 30 days after being taken from grass he showed a mile better than 2:30 at that gait.
Amelia, by Electioneer, is said to have foaled twice four times in eight years. She is the dam of four in the list, notwithstanding her age and time based on the theory that twin colts seldom live and never prosper.—Turf, Field and Farm.

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PERSONALITIES.
William C. Whitney pays dues to about 30 clubs and societies.
Ernest Van Dyck, the grand opera singer began life as a newspaper man.
M. Waldeck-Rousseau, France's new premier, is the most famous orator of the French bar.
Senator William A. Clark of Montana is a great admirer of Montaigne and has read the famous essays daily for 20 years.
Mr. Kipling now has 23 suits in process, against as many different publishers and booksellers throughout the United States.
John Burroughs, the critic, is quite a hermit and lives by himself in a little cabin on the Hudson halfway between New York and Albany.
Verdi wears a long, loose, double breasted coat and baggy trousers, so that at first sight it seems as if the great maestro were clad in pyjamas.
Professor George Harris, who has just been elected president of Amherst college, is a graduate of that institution and a native of East Machias, Me. He is 55 years old.
Sleeking, the Dutch pianist, who was imprisoned for a while in Austria last summer for disrespect to a religious procession, has dropped to the daughter of a Vienna hotel keeper.
Russell Sage works hard during six days of the week and is constantly receiving a steady stream of business callers. On Sunday, however, he refuses to think of his work and rarely sees any one but his family and most intimate friends.
John D. Rockefeller when a very poor and very small boy was asked what he intended to do when "grown up." Here is his answer: "Some day, when I am a man, I want to be worth a hundred thousand dollars. And I'm going to be, too—some day."
Thomas F. Pendel, a White House guard, has been on duty for 34 years. He let President Lincoln out of the executive mansion the last night he went out alive and was the last to bid President Garfield goodbye when the latter started for the railroad depot where he was assassinated.
The Rothschilds in every country assume the typical appearance of their people. Lord Rothschild of England much resembles Lord Salisbury. Baron Alphonse de Rothschild is a perfect Frenchman in appearance. Wilhelm Karl Rothschild of the Frankfurt house is a typical German.
Sir Henry Dryden, Bart., who is 80 years of age and has held office for 61 years, recently climbed outside the high spire of King's Sutton church in Northamptonshire without help, using the steeplejacks' ladders, in order to measure and draw the tracery on the spire. There was a strong wind.
THE GLASS OF FASHION.
The special novelty in French millinery is the director shaped hat in biscuit colored straw.
Petticoats, whether of silk or lawn, have to be very carefully fitted to wear with the close fitting skirts.
Gray kid shoes, with stockings to match, are worn with light gowns in place of the white ones so long popular.
Mourning hats for young girls are of dead black cloth, with white brims and trimmings, with plain white tulle or white tulle dotted with black.
The prettiest petticoat to wear with the thin gown is made of white tulle, silk trimmed, with detachable lace trimmed ruffles of lawn, which can be nicely laundered, or of India silk, trimmed with lace that will wash.
White kid belts, plain or variously trimmed with beads or metal of some sort, are worn with the white shirt waists, but prettier than these are the belts of soft, white satin ribbon, wide enough to wrinkle a little, fastened with a silver gilt buckle.
The smart bandanna silk handkerchief arranged in a four in hand necktie stands at the head of the list, but a new novelty is the automobile of black satin powdered with crimson sparks and drawn at the neck in a sailor's knot. Then its two long ends are secured in the wearer's belt.—New York Sun.

TOURIST FOR THE PARSON.
Likely to be in Dark Company Wherever he Went.
A Connecticut family being much troubled about good servants and on a visit to some friends in Tennessee, noticed one of those negro cooks (who are to be found here and there, whose demeanor was as quiet as her work and person was cleanly. They persuaded her to enter their service, and in due time she arrived in Connecticut. On the following Sabbath, armed with her church letter recommending her to the kindly consideration of any sister church, she went to the service, and after much surprise at finding herself, the "only darkie in sight for miles," to say nothing of an African M. E. Church, asked for permission to worship with the "white folks" and with them. She was told to come around on the following evening to the business meeting of the official board.
Arrived, she was given a seat while her case was discussed, with the result that the whole board, except the pastor, was in favor of receiving her into fellowship, hers being an exceptional case and she herself so evidently respectable that there was no reason at all for saying otherwise.
The pastor, however, as president, vetoed it, saying: "No brethren, I do not believe these people are men, or will ever be. I have more than that. I should be unwilling to go there myself if they also will be admitted."
Here the woman interposed: "Well, honey, if you don't want to go to Hebbin' with niggers and you go to hell, you'll find plenty of niggers dar, too!"

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Every time a man tells what he considers a good story in a crowd, he is compelled to listen to a lot of others that bore him.

Political Union of North America.
The area of public lands between the Red river and Rocky mountains in Canada upon which the best hard wheat can be successfully grown, stated by Professor McCoun at 200,000 acres, is one half as large as that of all the rebellious states. If one fifth part of it was under cultivation, yielding 124 bushels per acre—the average yield of wheat in Manitoba in 1891 was 25.30 bushels per acre—the total yield would be 500,000,000 bushels, or in value greater than our entire cotton crop. This is only one of many sources of wealth to be gained by the peaceful consumption of continental union.
The political union of the United States and British North America can be peacefully consummated by the wise expenditure of less than one-tenth of one percent, or one-thousandth part of the cost of the civil war to date, leaving out of the calculation the value of the property destroyed and the destruction of human life. All parties agree that the preservation of the territorial integrity of the Union was a necessity, and that its cost has been justified by events since the close of the war.—Francis Wayland Glen in New York Sun.

A SHOOTING STAR.
What It Really Is and Where It Comes From.
Sir Robert Ball, who is the world's greatest living astronomer, told a London audience recently some interesting facts about meteorites and shooting stars. In describing the origin of meteorites he said that millions of years ago, when the earth was an infant at play and volcanoes were giants, the meteors were thrown upward in infant convulsions. Some of the earth's discarded rocks returned at last, but those which were flung upward at a rate greater than seven miles a second passed beyond the earth's gravitating influence and sought paths of their own, no one could tell whether.
And then, after millions of years, they once more came within the reach of the world, and old Mother Earth resumed her sway, took back the rocks to her bosom and the astronomers said a meteorite had fallen.
Sir Robert asked his hearers to imagine a wrapping of some hundred miles of air round the earth. Now just in the same way that a gnat boring its way into wood, becomes warm, so a bullet going 20 miles a minute would become extremely warm in boring its way through 20 miles of air.
And in the same way that a bullet became warm, so a meteorite traveling 10,000 times as fast as a bullet, traveling at this speed perhaps for hundreds of years through the vastness of space, would become so hot that it would be incandescent and falling still at last plunging through the warm bath of air, became hotter and hotter and hotter.
It glowed, it became white hot, it melted, it dissolved in a burst of gaseous splendor, and observers on the earth cried, "Why, there's a shooting star!"
AN ARCHITECTURAL PUZZLE.
Monasteries Built in a Wildly Inaccessible Locality.
The famous monasteries of Meteora crown the summits of vast rock pinnacles rising from the plain of Thessaly.
By what strange means the first cunning architects of these airy perches succeeded in reaching the scene of their labor is a matter veiled in mystery. The cliffs are far too smooth and perpendicular for any man to climb by hand and foot, and history guards jealously the secret of the monasteries. All that is known about them is that the monks and wandering friars of the middle ages found sanctuary here when first the crescent and scimitar ran red with Christian blood. Visitors to the monks' abode announce their presence by shouting until some one far above looks out and lets the monk, which is worked by a windlass, come down.
The sensation of the ascent is distinctly novel. Seated on the ground in the center of the net, the meshes are one by one looped on to a large iron hook. As the rope comes taut the cords press uncomfortably hard upon various points of one's body, and with a strong wind blowing it swings to and fro and bumps the human head against the cliff. The rope, as it slowly winds on the drum up the monastery, kinks occasionally, and the jerk gives one the impression that the rickety concern is giving way.
The journey, however, ends safely 170 feet above the ground, where the monks promptly extricate the visitor and give him a pleasant welcome.
The Caroline Islanders.
As a rule the Caroline islander is fairly honest. Once lay his suspicions to rest and win his confidence, and he will prove himself a faithful friend and an excellent host, courteous and just in all his dealings, as I have very good cause to know. On the other hand, when dealing with his enemies, he calls into play a talent for intrigue, lying and chicanery that would delight a Machiavelli.
In the private life he is unselfish, frugal and economical, a man of careful, small habits. Like all folk of Melanesian admixture, he is liable to fits of dangerous silliness when he considers himself slighted in any way. He is inclined to be revengeful and will bide his time patiently until his opportunity comes. Yet he is not implacable and counts reconciliation a noble and princely thing. There is a form of a press (katom) made, an apology offered, a piece of sugar cane accepted by the aggrieved party, honor is satisfied, and the matter ends.
The Ponapean is a stout warrior, a hardy and skillful navigator, fisherman, carpenter and boatbuilder, somewhat of an astronomer and herbalist, but a very second class planter and gardener.—Geographical Review.

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CRAZED BY THE COMET.
The Prospective Arrival of Holo's Orb Left Its Induce Behind.
There are wise people to-day who believe that the proximity of a comet to the earth brings with it various diseases, mental as well as physical disturbances.
"I never took any stock in this comet business," said a practical friend of mine, "but I read several columns in my time and read all sorts of rot about them, very little of which I believed. But this comet!"
He paused and drew me away